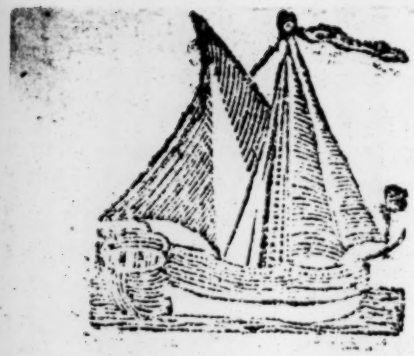

The Sailor's Will.

SINCE all muſt die, as well as I,
Let all like me prepare;
From fate to fly, is vain to try,
This all mankind declare,

Then while I'm well, I'll make my will,
Leſt ſudden death befall me;
That I may find, myſelf reſigned,
When fate ſhall pleaſe to call me.

Then, thus as under, I ſurrender,
Myſelf, and all I'm worth;
Firſt let the grave, my body have,
Full ſix feet deep in earth.

Six tars dead drunk, to bear my trunk,
In coffin heart of oak;
And let ſix more, jog on before,
With each a pipe to ſmoke.

Let grog and flip, to wet the lip,
In plenty go around;
But let no eye preſume to cry,
Becauſe I'm under ground.

Inſtead of ſighs, and weeping eyes,
Sing ſongs of mirth and laughter,
For who can tell what heav'n or hell,
My fate may be hereafter.

Be ſure with liquor, to ply the vicar,
As long as he can ſtand;
And when that he no more can ſee,
Then tip him t'other can.

Unto my wife. chief joy of life,
My worldly ſtore I give;
With all I have, if aught I ſave,
In money while I live,

Two pair of ſhoes, and three of hoſe,
My beſt new velvet breeches:
Beſides a pair not fit to wear,
With divers colour'd ſtitches.

My watchman's coat, of ſtuff ſo ſtout,
To fear no wind nor rain;
My jacket too, of good true blue,
And trowſers void of ſtain.

My woollen cap and ſmall round hat,
Of macaroni make;
My ſhirts of check, my oaken ſtick,
Which ſtouteſt heads would break.

My ſealskin pouch my ſilver watch,
My hammock, bed and bolſter,
A broken glaſs to ſee her face,
My piſtols, caſe and holſter.

An empty cask, a powder flask,
My ſhot, pouch, bag, and wallet;
An old firelock, with broken ſtock,
I beg ſhe'll overhaul it.

A great arm'd chair, in good repair,
And two juſt all to pieces;
A few old plates, a pair of grates,
And three old Cheſhire cheeſes.

A tub of pork juſt brought from Cork,
A pound or two of bacon,
My ſundy wig, my ſow and pig,
And a well fatten'd capon.

A ruſty ſpade, a Penknife blade,
A ſword without a handle;
A box of lint, my ſteel and flint,
And half a ſmall wax candle.

Then, this my will let all fulfil,
Though whimſical I call it;
Nor landſman dare, with haughty air
To criticiſe or maul it.

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